

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1845.

NO. 4.

MARTYRS.

‘WHAT is meant,’ said a thoughtful boy to his mother, “by ‘The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church’? I heard uncle say this to you this morning when he was speaking of the possibility that some slaveholder would kill Cassius Clay because he publishes an antislavery paper.”

“He meant,” replied his mother, “that from the grave of every man who dies willingly for what he thinks a good and holy cause there will rise up many faithful and devoted friends to it, just as we see many ears of corn grow up from one seed which we have buried in the ground, and which appeared for a time to be lost. Should they kill Cassius Clay for his honest and courageous defence of what he thinks the rights of the slaves, many good men, shocked at such cruelty, would inquire into the cause of it, and feeling that nothing but a firm conviction that he was right, a solemn sense of duty,

VOL. IV.

could make a man lay down his life for a cause, they would think more deeply about it ; their hearts would be touched, and they would be converted, and thus where there was but one advocate for the poor slave, there would spring up perhaps hundreds."

"But what has this to do with the Church, mother?"

"The saying originated in the fact that the early history of Christianity was a history of martyrs. Jesus was the first martyr to the truths he taught ; his death was the seal of his mission, the beginning of his success, the corner-stone of his Church. All the apostles who were faithful to him were killed, except St. John, of whose death there seems to be no clear account. Hundreds, even thousands of Christians sealed their faith by a cruel death. Christianity was nourished and watered by the blood of martyrs. You have read Probus ; that gives you an idea of what a Christian had to encounter in those early days, and yet Christianity spread over the whole civilized world."

"I should have thought," said the boy, "that such cruelties would have destroyed Christianity."

"Were you, William, any the less kind to poor Jim, because your companions laughed at you, and abused you for being the friend of a ' nigger ' as they called you?"

"Oh no, I stuck all the closer to him to show them I did not care for what they said : but that was nothing ; they only blackguarded me, and I did not mind that much. But when one thinks of being killed, of dying in defence of the rights of any one, that is another thing. A man must be very brave and very good to give up his life for another. I think, or rather I hope, I should be able to die for you, mother, or for father, but I don't know as I could for any one else."

"If, my dear, you can imagine, that you should be able to die for me or your father, you recognize within yourself the power to sacrifice your life, for something that is dearer than life : now to some, a great principle, especially a religious principle, is dearer than even the life of one they love, and very far dearer than their own lives. As you grow older, the value of a great principle will become more intelligible to you. You have however this idea in your soul now, though as yet undeveloped. When you heard your cousin Mary sing Jephthah's Daughter the other evening, you enjoyed it highly. You admired and honored the faithful love of the heroic girl, you sympathized with her in her noble, willing sacrifice of herself, that so her father might fulfil his vow to God ; did you not ?"

"Yes, mother, at least I felt as if she did some very great and beautiful thing, but will you tell me the story so that I may understand it better."

"Jephthah," said his mother, "was a valiant general among the Israelites ; he had been banished by his countrymen, but when their neighbors the Ammonites made war against them, they sent for Jephthah to help fight their battles for them. He refused at first, and said to them, 'Did ye not hate me and expel me out of my father's house ? and why are ye come to me now when ye are in distress ?' They told him that was the very reason they came to him, because they were in distress. Then Jephthah agreed to aid them if they would promise to make him 'head and captain over all their armies,' if he was successful ; to this they agreed. Before Jephthah went to meet the enemy whom he was now very anxious to subdue, as by that means he should be again a master

in Israel, he 'vowed a vow unto the Lord, that if he would deliver the children of Ammon into his hands, whatsoever he should meet when he returned in peace to his house, he would sacrifice as a burnt offering to him.' Jephthah was victorious, and when he came home to his house, his daughter, who had heard of his success and wished worthily to welcome him home, 'came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances; and she was his only child; beside her he had neither son or daughter.' "

"And what did Jephthah do, mother?"

"It says in the story, that he rent his clothes, and said, 'Alas! my daughter, thou hast brought me very low:' and he told her of his vow, and she said to him, 'My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which has proceeded out of thy mouth.' And her father after a while fulfilled his horrid vow, and sacrificed that which was dearest to him in life to his God, to his mistaken idea of what would be pleasing to Him. It is terrible to think that a rational being could ever have thought that he had a right to the life of his child, or of any other being; it is terrible to think that he should ever have thought that the Infinite Father could be pleased with such a sacrifice. Yet in the midst of this pain our hearts exult in, and sympathize with, the glorious superiority to suffering and death of the heroic, noble-minded Jewish maiden. She loved her father's truth and honor better than her own young and joyous life, just opening upon this happy, this beautiful world. We pity her poor father who must have felt that the gratification of his selfish ambition was purchased by the peace of his whole life: but for his noble-minded child we feel

only reverential, exulting love. What is it we love and honor in this Jewish girl? It is her fidelity to the principle of reverent obedience to parents, so sacred with her people; it is her devotion to the welfare of her country, and to what she considered the will of God. These noble principles it was which bade her give herself up without a moment's hesitation as a willing sacrifice, that so her father's vow to God might be performed. It is her conscious superiority to death, that our soul rejoices in; we feel that the power that could so calmly and courageously give up what we call life here, must be superior to that which it resigns. We look upon her already as an immortal; we see the angel of God in her.

"I have taken the story of this heroic girl from the Old Testament to show you, that it is not necessary that our judgment should approve of the cause for which one dies, in order to honor the martyr, but only that we should be satisfied that he gives up his life for what he thinks right, and that the calm and deliberate sacrifice of life for a principle always commands our love and reverence. Doubtless the willing sacrifice of the daughter of Jephthah had a deep and lasting effect upon the minds of her countrywomen, and confirmed and strengthened in them the idea of the duty of obedience to parents, and fidelity to God: doubtless it was a lesson of immortality to them. Doubtless many hearts felt then as we do now when we think of her and her father, that it was the 'survivor died.'"

"I am sure there is no one," said William after a long sigh, that would not rather be in her place than in her father's, and I am sure I pity him, if he really felt that he ought to keep his terrible vow; but I should rather have

submitted to any punishment, let it be what it might, for breaking my promise than have done such a wicked thing as to kill my own child."

"So should I, William, it seems to me, but we must judge of the poor father by his and his countrymen's standard of right. There are many interesting stories of glorious martyrs which I will tell you, some other time, all of which teach you this great lesson; that death is not the greatest evil; that it is far better than unfaithfulness to our convictions of duty. These stories will help you, I think, to understand the saying that 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.'"

"Will you tell me some of these stories next Sunday morning, mother?"

"Perhaps so," she replied.

E. L. F.

THE MORNING WALK.

It was while walking one early spring morning, that amongst the various thoughts and visions that entered my mind, there came to me the recollection of a description I had read in a letter from a friend, of her being presented at court, where the queen was to be seen in all her splendor. The great hall in which she was to receive those who were anxious to rest their eyes upon a queen, was brilliant with the sparkling jewels that decked out the great lords and ladies who surrounded her person, It was expected that all who entered her presence should be adorned with jewels, and those who were not rich

enough to have them in their possession, either borrowed or hired them for the great occasion, so that each visiter as she entered, added to the already brilliant show. There were assembled people from all parts of the world in their most beautiful apparel, all decked out in diamonds and jewels of all kinds. As each lady entered the hall, a man presented himself, who held in his hand a silver rod with which he lifted from the floor the long train of her dress while she walked up to her majesty, where, after making her obeisance, she passed on to make room for the next comer, taking care as she left the presence of the queen to move in such a manner as to keep her face towards her, for it would be thought the highest breach of propriety to turn one's back upon a queen. It may be imagined what a brilliant show this made, when all present had on some precious stone glistening in the lights of the palace hall, the diamonds making, with every motion, some color of the rainbow. How was it that the recollection of this scene came to me at the sweet early hour of a spring morning when all alone in a wide field, and nothing but the birds, and the grass, and the flowers, and the trees, and the blue sky about me?

I had entered this field without any court dress, and what did I see there to remind me of kings, or queens, or palaces, or jewels? I will tell what I saw there—I saw brilliants without number scattered at my feet; every blade of grass had on a crown of diamonds, and every little flower wore in its bosom a jewel, and the lofty trees were making their obeisance, and the birds singing their concert of music surpassing any concert I had ever heard in a building made with hands; and could I suppose for one

moment that there was no presence here—no one to whom we should wish to be presented, and in whose presence we should wish to stand, decked out in all the brilliancy and beauty becoming such a presence? was there no one here from whom I should not wish to turn away my eyes, but keep them fixed as upon the greatest and best? I need not say who is this presence; all who reflect must feel it. But I must ask, whether He whose jewels deck the earth and sky, whose sceptre governs the universe, requires that we never come in his presence but with a dress appropriate to the majesty of his power, and at a certain time, and then to pass on that others may stand before him. No, he makes no such requirements of us; he allows us to stand before him in our every-day dress, let it be ever so mean—the humblest creature that walks the earth does not even ask leave to come into his presence, but with the confidence of a child, prostrates himself before him in all his rags, and does not feel ashamed of them. His court is ever open, and if we choose to stand before him without any adornments, he allows us to do so. If we choose to turn away from him, he lets us go. But do we not feel some desire to show our homage to this felt presence, and shall we, because he is invisible to our eyes, take no thought of how we appear to him in that temple within, where are the only ornaments that he requires of us, in return for all he bestows upon us? The outward world that sends out its brilliancy and beauty from his love and bounty speaks to us of what we may do to show ourselves as also the work of his hands; in the gentlest notes it seems to call upon us by kindness, charity, love, nobleness, and truth, these imperishable ornaments which rich and poor

may alike wear, to be always in readiness to stand in his presence ; that these are the fitting and appropriate attire in which we may appear before him, to whom all beauty and splendor, and life itself belong, who is the King of all kings, and whose palace is the universe.

S. C. C.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

In the hour of still devotion,
Lo ! my Father's face I see ;
Thrills my heart with warm emotion,
God hath shown himself to me !

Wherefore to this lowly creature,
Hath the glorious vision come,
Lighting up my earthly nature
With the glory of the sun ?

Wherefore mid this vast creation,
Mighty heavens, and rolling sea,
Earth, with her immortal creatures,
Wherefore has it come to me ?

Few my years and full of error,
Even to this feeble sight ;
Ah, how low must be my station
In thy presence,—Source of Light !

Sunshine strikes the opening blossom ;
Lo ! it bursts a perfect flower ;
Lo, O God, on thee depending,
Waits my soul's unfolding power.

S.

Boston, Feb. 3, 1845.

BLADUD THE LEPER.

[We invite our young friends to the following curious legend, related by Madame Schopenhauer in her English travels. It will place them in the primæval forest, ages before Robin Hood and his merry archers, who gave celebrity to the green woods of old England; and it may also remind them of Scripture scenery, and of him who cured with a word the frightful malady which was here cleansed away in the healing waters of a perennial fountain, while it strikingly holds out the cheering truth, that the darkest hour of suffering generally precedes the day-dawn of deliverance.]

“THE first discovery of the warm springs of Bath is lost in the depths of gray antiquity. Even the ancient Britons were well acquainted with them, and built here a city which they called the City of the Warm Baths. Afterwards, the Romans gave it other various names, *Thermæ sudatæ*, *Aquæ calidæ*, &c. The Anglo-Saxons called it, *Akemannus Ceaster*, the city of the infirm. In summer it might be so called at the present time; but in winter, if one of the ancient gentlemen who so named it could be suddenly translated from eternity into one of its ball rooms, he would surely bestow on it a more inviting appellation.

The inhabitants of Bath have a legend concerning the discovery of these baths, in the truth of which they implicitly believe, in spite of all opposition. We will relate it without any decoration, just as it was told us on the spot.

Lud Hudibras, a great grandson of Eneas, lawful king of Britain after Brutus, had an only son, who was to ascend the throne after him. For the sake of giving

him an education becoming his destination, he sent him to Athens, and caused him to be instructed there in all the arts and sciences.

After some years, Bladud returned to his father with a mind highly cultivated and enriched with immense acquisitions of knowledge, notwithstanding which he was one of the unhappiest men in the world. Whether it was that his unremitting industry had caused him to neglect his health, that the heat of the climate, to which he was unaccustomed, had affected him, or that some obstruction had occasioned the mischief; Bladud came back, afflicted with the scourge of those times, a frightful and incurable leprosy, horrible to himself, and pestilential to all who came near him.

Constrained by bitter necessity, his father most reluctantly caused him to be shut up and nursed in a remote tower, that his terrific disease might not be more widely spread, and that no one might be alarmed by his presence; for it was awful to behold him, and his breath tainted the air. Bladud's free spirit could not brook imprisonment. He exerted all the energy of his mind and body, and safely escaped by night from his tower.

Unknown, covered with miserable rags, the king's son wandered about in his father's realm. At last he came to Swainswick, a small village not far from the place where Bath now stands. A peasant took pity on the forlorn sick stranger, received him into his service, and gave him the charge of watching the swine upon hills which surrounded a valley, far away from every human habitation.

These hills were then covered with a magnificent forest of beech trees, of which not a trace is now to be seen;

though an eminence near the city of Bath is still called Beech-Cliff. The fruit of these beech trees induced the prince to drive his herd hither. One morning when he was standing on this same Beech-Cliff, the sky was overcast, and dark, heavy clouds concealed the rising of the sun. Bladud thought pensively of his own bright promising childhood, and of his present unseen misery, and he almost fainted from wretchedness.

The sun then burst asunder the veil of clouds which had before hidden him, but now heightened his glory and increased the splendor of the rising which blessed the world. A cheering ray of hope fell with the first sunbeam upon Bladud's heart. He sank down beneath the tall trees, lifted his hands to heaven, and humbly prayed that the Divine anger might be turned aside from him, or that his miserable existence might be ended. Suddenly there arose a wild cry among his herd; they rushed down from the hill, as if driven by an invisible hand and plunged into the swamp at its foot. Bladud with difficulty drove them up again. Three days in succession he brought his herd to the same place, and upon each day he saw the animals do the same thing; they constantly hurried down the hill into the swamp. On the third day he noticed that those of them which had previously been afflicted with humors or the mange were now restored and had become smooth. He examined the place into which they dived, and discovering the warm fountain through the vapor rising from it, he recognised the gracious guiding hand of Heaven.

Full of faith and devotion, he now bathed himself, and his frightful malady departed from him. He soon presented himself to his master, as the king's son. His mas-

ter however could not believe him, but accompanied him to the king. His father recognised, and joyfully received him. In a short time afterwards, upon the death of Lud Hudibras, Bladud became king, and immediately founded the baths of Bath, which he erected in the most splendid fashion of those days. The legend adds, that Bladud from that time entirely devoted himself to study and science of every sort. In this way he discovered the art of flying, and raised himself to a considerable height in the air. But at last, something giving way in his wings, he fell down directly over the steeple of Salisbury, and broke his neck, to the great grief of his subjects, over whom he had wisely and happily reigned for twenty years.

So the inhabitants of Bath relate the story in full faith at the present day. The learned take great pains to prove to them the groundlessness of this legend, but in vain; the belief in Bladud and his wonderful history is not to be shaken, though at the beginning of the last century an ancient monument representing him and his swine was taken away. This statue, erected in 1699, stands in the king's bath, bearing the following curious inscription.

BLADUD,

SON OF LUD HUDIBRAS,

LAWFUL KING OF BRITAIN AFTER BRUTUS,

A great philosopher and mathematician,

THE DISCOVERER AND FOUNDER OF THESE BATHS,

Born in the year before Christ, 860,

that is,

2559 years before this present

1699.

L. O.

ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE AND DEATH OF A
LARGE ALLIGATOR.

[The following interesting account which will be new to most, if not all our readers, was written by an eye-witness of the scene. It is taken from Silliman's Journal of Science for 1840.]

To the Editors: The interest you have manifested in the head of the alligator deposited in the room of the Society of Natural History, in this city,* and the request you have made that I would acquaint you with the circumstances of its capture, induce me to offer you the following sketch. Whatever imperfections may appear in it, are to be attributed to the time that has passed since my residence in Manilla, near which place the alligator was killed.

The lake from which flows the river on which Manilla is situated, is about twenty miles from that place. It is of irregular form, and from many points looks like three distinct bodies of water of about equal dimensions, caused by a long island nearly in the centre and a wide tract of land, parallel to, and about eight miles from it. The latter called Halahala, was a plantation which I occasionally visited, and was the property of a French gentleman, distinguished for his hospitality and for the strength of character which had led him to establish himself successfully, alone and unaided, amid a barbarous people, whose respect and love he had secured by his uniform courage, justice, and benevolence. A small part of the estate was cultivated by the hired Indians, whose huts formed a picturesque little village near the house of the

* Boston, over the Savings Bank, Tremont Street.

proprietor, and the remainder embracing a circuit of nearly fifteen miles, gave every variety of natural beauty. A chain of high hills ran through the centre, whose summits were covered with grass so luxuriant as often to rise over the head of a man on horseback ; and the forests on either side, extending in many places to the lake, were the growth of centuries. The axe had never thinned them, and they stood in their massive magnificence as nature had planted and reared them ; some in fantastic forms which gave them so much the appearance of works of art, as to be distinguished by the name of things they were supposed to resemble ; some, vanquished by the creeping plant, which strangles in its close and deadly embrace what at first it clings to for support and protection, had struggled against its folds till the destroyer and destroyed seemed one, and the giant tree, which, year after year, had been rocked by the earthquake, and had borne bravely against the whirlwind, slowly yielding to its tenacious persecutor, stood at last lifeless within its green and living shroud.

Amidst the wonders of nature and in the tangled recesses of the wood where exuberant vegetation has given the earth a covering almost impenetrable to man, live the deer, the boar, and that most desperate and dangerous enemy of the hunter, the wild buffalo, whose ferocity and contempt of danger are only equalled by his hatred of the human form. There is also the boa constrictor, seen sometimes of great size, who crushes in his folds and devours whatever comes in his way, and then, gorged and inactive, is easily despatched. One with a large deer inside of him, was killed when I was there, but had been cut up by the natives for food before we were

aware of it. Since I left that country I have been informed that one thirty-five feet long has been destroyed, after killing two Indians, who entered a cavern where he had retired.

The deep, still inlets in the more retired parts of the lake, are the lurking places of the alligators, and one spot, remarkably situated, was their favorite resort. Nearly opposite to the point of Halahala, on the other shore, there issues from a mountain, a stream of so high a temperature, that the natives use it for cooking. Rude baths are also constructed near it, which are found very serviceable in chronic diseases, and are sometimes visited by invalids from Manilla. Near this place is an island, in the centre of which is a small deep black lake, surrounded by hills, except at a narrow opening, which is low and marshy; the sides, as they slope to the margin, are thickly wooded, and the trees hang clustering over the banks, their dense foliage drooping to the water. Here reigns the stillness of death; not a breath of wind penetrates the close barrier, and there is sound and motion on the glassy surface only when it is rippled by the alligators, who have made the place their own. At other times they float like logs, or stretched along the mingled masses of decayed wood and exposed roots, enjoy the coolness and shade of this gloomy solitude.

In the course of the year 1831 the proprietor of Halahala informed me that he frequently lost horses and cows in a remote part of his plantation, and that the natives assured him they were taken by an enormous alligator who frequented one of the streams which run into the lake. Their descriptions were so highly wrought, that they were attributed to the fondness for exaggeration

to which the inhabitants of that country are peculiarly addicted, and very little credit was given to their repeated relations.

All doubts as to the existence of the animal were at last dispelled by the destruction of an Indian who attempted to ford the river on horseback although entreated to desist by his companions, who crossed at a shallow place higher up. It was a short time after this event that I made a visit to Halahala, and expressing a strong desire to capture or destroy the alligator, my host readily offered his assistance. The animal had been seen a few days before, with his head and one of his fore feet resting on the bank, and his eyes following the motion of some cows which were grazing near. Our informer likened his appearance to that of a cat watching a mouse, and in the attitude to spring upon his prey when it should come within his reach.

I would here mention as a curious fact, that the domestic buffalo which is almost continually in the water, and in the heat of mid-day, remains for hours with only his nose above the surface, is never molested by the alligator. All other animals become his victims when they incautiously approach him, and their knowledge of the danger most usually prompts them to resort to the shallow places to quench their thirst.

Hearing that the alligator had killed a horse, we proceeded to the place, about five miles from the house. It was a tranquil spot, and one of singular beauty, even in that land. The stream which, a few hundred feet from the lake, narrowed to a brook, with its green banks fringed with the graceful bamboo, and the alternate glory of glade and forest spreading far and wide, seemed fitted for other purposes

than to be the familiar haunt of the huge creature that had appropriated it to himself. A few cane huts were situated at a short distance from the river, and we procured from them what men they contained who were ready to assist in freeing themselves from their dangerous neighbor. The terror he had inspired, especially since the death of their companion had hitherto prevented them from making any effort to get rid of him; but they gladly availed themselves of our preparations, and with the usual dependence of their character, were willing to do whatever example should dictate to them. Having reason to believe that the alligator was in the river, we commenced operations by sinking nets upright across its mouth three deep, at intervals of several feet. The nets, which were of great strength, and intended for the capture of the wild buffalo, were fastened to trees on the banks, making a complete fence to the communication with the lake.

My companion and myself placed ourselves with our guns, on either side of the stream, while the Indians, with long bamboos, felt for the animal. For some time he refused to be disturbed, and we began to fear that he was not within our limits, when a spiral motion of the water, under the spot where I was standing, led me to direct the natives to it; and the creature slowly moved on the bottom towards the nets, which he no sooner touched, than he quickly turned back and proceeded up the stream. This movement was several times repeated, till, having no rest in the enclosure, he attempted to climb the bank. On receiving a ball in the body, he uttered a growl like that of an angry dog, and plunging into the water, crossed to the other side, where he was received

with a similar salutation discharged directly into his mouth. Finding himself attacked on every side, he renewed his attempts to ascend the banks; but whatever part of him appeared was bored with bullets, and feeling that he was hunted he forgot his own formidable means of attack, and sought only safety from the troubles that surrounded him.

A low spot which separated the river from the lake, a little above the nets, was unguarded, and we feared that he would succeed in escaping over it. It was here necessary to stand firmly against him; and in several attempts which he made to cross it, we turned him back with spears, bamboos, or whatever first came to hand. He once seemed determined to force his way, and, foaming with rage, rushed with open jaws, and gnashing his teeth, with a sound too ominous to be despised, appeared to have his full energies aroused, when his career was stopped by a large bamboo thrust violently into his mouth, which he ground to pieces, and the fingers of the holder were so paralyzed that for some minutes he was incapable of resuming his gun.

The natives had now become so excited as to forget all prudence, and the women and children of the little hamlet had come down to the shore to share in the general enthusiasm. They crowded to the opening, and were so unmindful of their danger, that it was necessary to drive them back with some violence. Had the monster known his own strength, and dared to use it, he would have gone over that spot with a force which no human power could have withstood, and would have crushed or carried with him into the lake about the whole population of the place.

It is not strange that personal safety was forgotten in the excitement of the scene. The tremendous brute, galled with wounds and repeated defeat, tore his way through the foaming water, glancing from side to side, in the vain attempt to avoid his foes, then rapidly ploughing up the stream, he grounded in the shallows, and turned back frantic and bewildered at his circumscribed position. At length, maddened with suffering, and desperate from continued persecution, he rushed furiously to the mouth of the stream, burst through two of the nets, and I threw down my gun in despair ; for it looked as if his way at last was clear to the wide lake. But the third net stopped him, and his teeth and legs had got entangled in all. This gave us a chance for close warfare with lances, such as are used against the wild buffalo. We had sent for this weapon at the commencement of the attack, and found it much more effectual than guns. Entering a canoe, we plunged lance after lance into the alligator, as he was struggling under the water, till a wood seemed growing from him, which moved violently above, while his body was concealed below. In this manner at length we killed him. We then managed with the help of the women and children, to drag his head and part of his body, for this was all we had the strength to move, on to the little beach where the river joined the lake.

I regret to say that the measurement of the length of this animal was imperfect. It was night when the struggle ended, and our examination of him was made by torchlight. I measured his circumference, as did also my companion, and it was over eleven feet immediately behind the fore legs. It was thirteen feet at the belly, which was distended by the immoderate meal made on

the horse. As he was only partly out of the water, I stood with a line at his head, giving the other end to an Indian, with directions to take it to the extremity of the tail. The length so measured was twenty-two feet; but at the time I doubted the good faith of my assistant, from the reluctance he manifested to enter the water, and the fears he expressed that the mate of the alligator might be in the vicinity. From the diameter of the animal, and the representations of those who examined him afterwards, we believed the length to have been about thirty feet. As we intended to preserve the entire skeleton, with the skin, we were less particular than we otherwise should have been. On opening him, we found, with other parts of the horse, three legs entire, torn off at the haunch and shoulder, which he had swallowed whole, besides a large quantity of stones, some of several pounds weight.

The night, which had become very dark and stormy, prevented us from being very minute in our investigations; and leaving directions to preserve the bones and skin, we took the head with us, and returned home. This precaution was induced by the anxiety of the natives to secure the teeth; and I afterwards found that they attribute to them miraculous powers in the cure or prevention of diseases.

The head weighed near three hundred pounds. As it now appears, it conveys but a feeble impression of its size before it was divested of its integuments. So well was it covered with flesh and muscle, that we found balls quite flattened, which had been discharged into the mouth and at the back of the head, at only the distance of a few feet, and yet the bones had not a single mark to show that they had been touched.

I returned shortly after to Manilla, and expected to have been followed by the bones and skin of the alligator. They were drying on a scaffold, near the place where he was killed, when a typhoon or hurricane of unexampled severity, which laid low the cabin of the Indian and the tree of the forest, and covered the shores of the lake with the bodies of man and beast and fish, swept away the platform, and whirled into the lake or the jungle every remaining fragment of our victim.

The head was an object of great curiosity at Manilla, nothing of similar size having been seen there ; and in a visit which I subsequently made to Europe, I examined with some attention the museums of natural history, particularly those of France and England, without finding anything of equal magnitude.

While the head was at Manilla, an English frigate arrived there, that had been long on the East India station. The officers had, at Ceylon, killed an alligator of extraordinary size, the skeleton of which they intended to send to the British Museum. They expressed however their disinclination to do so, after seeing that from Halahala, which was much larger.

In comparing notes with them respecting the nature and habits of this animal, I was struck with the similarity of the superstitions prevailing at Ceylon and Luconia ; such as, the alligator swallowing a stone whenever he kills a human being, as if to keep account of his misdoings, and when devouring the body, placing the head before him and weeping from remorse. It is not strange that extravagances like these should be current among so rude a people ; but it is singular that two, remote from each other, and without connexion, should both give credit to the same absurdities.

The native of Luconia, the island on which Manilla is situated, is excessively fond of the marvellous. He is ever ready to give supernatural constructions to every thing that cannot be solved at once; and there is no limit to his credulity. One night, in the country, my attention was directed to a light midway up a mountain, which I naturally attributed to a fire made by some one who had lost his way, as proved to be the case. Not so the Indians. It was too favorable an opportunity to let pass with such a common-place supposition. They said an anaconda had found a stone of inestimable value, and according to his usual practice when in such luck, was playing at cup and ball with it. They could see the gorgeous gem, sparkling with light, tossed into the air; and the serpent bounding from the earth, as he caught it in his mouth, or rapidly twining among the trees, as with wild glee, he pursued his game.

I sometimes visited a place so secluded and difficult of access, that probably no human foot had ever trod it before. There the enormous vampire bat, or flying fox, slept away the hours of daylight; and hanging to the boughs by his hooked claws, with his head downward, and his wings folded like a cloak about him, waited till night should enable him to look for the plantain, his accustomed food. There thousands of the animals congregated, and when disturbed by the report of a gun, rose with screams, darkening the air with their heavy flight, and encircling the woods they dared not leave. Little was required to invest a spot like this with mystery; and well might the islander fancy, as the black wings flapped like evil spirits round him, that he stood on unhallowed ground.

At the time of our expedition against the alligator, the periodical visitation of locusts, which occurs once in about seven years, was devastating parts of the island; and on the following day, the place where I resided was doomed to share in the distress. We were flattering ourselves that the scourge would not come near us, when the dark clouds were seen, far over the lake, approaching noiselessly, save in the rushing of wings, and soon the sun was hid, and night seemed coming before her time. Mile upon mile in length, moved the deep, broad column of this insect army; and the cultivator looked and was silent, for the calamity was too overwhelming for words. The sugar-cane, the principal crop of that country, gave promise of unusual productiveness when the destroyer alighted. In a moment nothing was seen over the extended surface but a black mass of animated matter, heaving, like the sea, over the hopes of the planter. And when it arose to renew its flight in search of food for the hungry millions who had had no share in the feast, it left behind desolation and ruin. Not a green thing stood where it had been, and the very earth looked as though no redeeming fertility was left to it. Human exertions availed nothing against this enemy; wherever he came, he swept like a consuming fire, and the ground appeared scorched by his presence. Branches of trees were broken by the accumulated weight of countless numbers, and the cattle fled in dismay before the rolling waves of this living ocean. The rewards of government and the devices of the husbandman for his own protection were useless. Myriads of these insects were taken and heaped together, till the air for miles was polluted, without apparent diminution of their numbers.

The typhoon was the irresistible agent which at last terminated their ravages, and drove them before it, far into the Pacific. This remedy prostrated what the locust had left, but still it was prayed for as a mercy, and received with thanksgiving.

* * * * *

If in recurring to some of the incidents of my life in Luconia, I have inclined to dwell on what may seem irrelevant to the object of this communication, it is that I am fond of remembering the days I have passed in the solitudes of that lovely land. The dreams of fancy have never pictured scenes of more romantic beauty than are there lavishly spread around;—where the principle of life is profusely scattered, and everything is glowing with animated being;—where the bland air makes mere existence enjoyment; and the day, with its mild sky and refreshing sea-breeze, gives place to the more serene night, with her clear brilliancy, when the eye looks deep into Heaven, and the stars glitter with a radiance unknown in less genial climes—when the land-wind rises, and is felt, but not heard; for the stillness of midnight is not broken, as its soft breath comes from the untrodden depths of the wilderness, laden with the fragrance of the spice tree and the wild flower. But in that luxurious region, nature shows herself at times in the power and sublimity of her convulsions, and awes by the earthquake, the tornado, and the thunder-storm. Her hours of anger are fearful, but are soon forgotten, as she resumes her almost permanent tranquillity.

EDEN.

THERE is a tale of olden time
Which all of us have heard ;
'Tis writ in that dear book which tells
So many a precious word.

'Tis of a garden beautiful,
In the morning of the earth ;
When every bright and lovely thing,
Came springing into birth.

More beautiful than all beside
Were two blest beings there,
Whose hearts were filled with joy and love,
And free from pain and care.

They wandered through the sunny paths,
And sat beneath the trees,
And breathed the soft and fragrant breath
Of the music laden breeze.

And to their souls, the voice of God,
In every thing was heard !
In the flower springing from the sod,
In the singing of the bird.

And oh ! when all the stars looked out,
Those golden lamps of heaven !
Then did their hearts with joy o'erflow—
God's voice was clear that even.

And they were not afraid to hear ;
For silent happiness,
Like fragrant incense rising up,
Was eloquent of bliss.

And thus the spirit spake to them,
"Ye see the tree so fair,
With fruit so seeming beautiful,
Within the garden there.

"But sit ye not beneath that tree,
Nor eat its baleful fruit ;
There's poison in its very breath,
And deadly is its root."

The children heeded not the word,
But ate the fruit forbidden ;
And when again the voice was heard,
In fear their hearts were hidden.

They trembled but to see themselves,
How could they meet the spirit,
Which filled the garden everywhere,
The voice—they dared not hear it.

And then the garden gate was closed
As they went forth that morrow,
To seek, and not to find repose,
To eat their bread in sorrow.

Until the Father took them home
Unto a purer Eden,
Where not a tree nor flower grows
With leaf or fruit forbidden.

Oh many and many a year has passed
Since first this tale was tolden,
So long ago, we scarce can think
Of any time so olden.

Yet true it is of every soul
Born into earth's fair garden ;
For in the heart of each dear child
There blooms a bright new Eden.

And every bird and every stream,
Each flower which bursts the sod,
Sends up the same still voice of love ;—
“ The pure in heart see God.”

And still in childhood's purest morn
Each fairest flower blows
And every hope yet opens there,
Freshly as Eden's rose.

The world, a tree of evil, stands
Bearing its fair deceit ;
The voice of God within the breast
Still says “ Thou shalt not eat.”

Oft goodness sleepeth at the post,
And love forgets the word ;
And then the Eden soon is lost,
The voice of God unheard.

The gates are not of stone or wood
Which shut us out of Eden ;
When first we cease to seek the good
By walls of fear we're hidden.

And all the glory of the stars,
The brilliance of the flowers,
Grows dim when love from out our hearts
No grateful incense pours.

The labor which was joy before,
Is now a burden weary,
And earth in all her gladness
Only a prison dreary.

Oh little child in Eden still
Your Father's hand fast holding
Through fairy path-ways, wandering
Amid the sun light golden.

One moment, if the flowers grow dim
Or stars shine out less brightly,
Oh let it as a warning be
To clasp the hand more tightly.

Some little feeling in your heart,
Was not all pure and holy,
And nature will not chant her hymn
To any but the lowly.

They fade and faint and then go out,
Those lights in our home-dwelling,
And then no more the voice is heard
Of pure and bright things telling.

But keep thy soul with truth and love
And goodness overflowing ;
And beauty all along thy path
Its joys will aye be strewing.

So will that higher Paradise
Where evil cannot come,
Seem to thee as thy dwelling place
Thy own, familiar home,

And the sweet songs which now are sung
By blessed spirits there,
Will steal upon thy silent soul,
In every hour of care,

And soothe the sorrows thou mayst know,
And bring serenest day ;
Let but thy life be true and pure
And God is thine alway.

M. E. R.

THE DOVES.

[CONCLUDED.]

Just as they had placed the sticks in the nest, they saw all the other doves that were near, fly up into the air, as if they were frightened at something; on looking about to find out what was the matter, they saw a man walking under the trees quite near them. "Fly, fly! Myrtle," cried Minne, "and I will stay and guard the nest; he might break it down by accident if he should climb the tree; I do not think he would have the heart to do it on purpose." "Nay; nay; Minne, let us not part; whatever happens—in safety or in danger, in joy or in pain, let us always be together. Fly with me, Minne, he may be dangerous, though I do not think he would like to harm us." And they flew up to the top of a tall palm, where, on a feathery bough, they stood and watched to see if the man went near their nest; but no, he only plucked an orange from one of the trees and passed on. "Oh!" cried Minne, as they flew back, "how foolish we were! I am sorry we suspected him of doing ill; the harmless creature only wanted to eat an orange." "I was very unwilling," said Myrtle, "to think ill of him; but my fears for my Minne made me foolishly timid."

"We don't think ill of any one, do we, Myrtle?" said Minne, "except when we are frightened and then not much."

"No indeed, we can't bear to, can we? nor would we harm anything in the world unless our nest were attacked. Ah! gentle Minne, dost thou not sometimes wonder how

it is that some birds love to fight and to kill creatures and eat them?"

"Yes indeed; but I do not believe they do *love* to; I rather think it must be because they feel obliged to."

"I hope it is so," said Myrtle, "I do, from the bottom of my heart. Come, now, let us get into the nest together, and coo to our hearts' content, all under the green orange leaves."

And thus they cooed out the love of their gentle hearts.

MINNE.

My love is the loveliest turtle,
And no dove is like to my Myrtle;
Oh no, although
Some do say so,
There never was one like my Myrtle,
They'll tell you that any ring turtle-dove
Sees himself when he sees his brother,
But they could ne'er have seen my love,
For he is not like any other.

MYRTLE.

How sweetly smiles on me, Love,
Thy little ruby eye,
No other eye looks like it, Love,
And yet I know not why.

The necklace jetty black, too,
Around that neck of thine;
There cannot be another dove
That wears a ring so fine.

And then those cunning little feet,
They're coral branches red;
That other doves have feet like thine
Oh let it ne'er be said.

And on those feet so coral red
You run along the ground,
And then with open, lifted wings
You dance all round and round.

And oh ; that soft round satin breast,
As smooth as smooth can be ;
But the little heart that beats beneath
Is more than all to me.—

'The loving little harmless heart,
The heart that loves me so.—
'Twas made on purpose to love me,
And that full well I know.

MINNE.

I love to hear my Myrtle speak,
He says such pretty things,
And all into my loving heart,
New streams of love it brings.

I know not how it is ; but when
My Myrtle looks at me,
Looks sideways up, with one round eye,
I'm blest as I can be.

Full well I love each brother dove,
And well their beauty know ;
But my heart is blest within my breast,
My Myrtle loves me so.

MYRTLE.

My gentle dove, not half thy love
Dost thou take pains to tell !
But though not heard in spoken word
Thy Myrtle knows it well.

In every loving tone of thine,
Thy heart speaks out so clear,
Like floods of music from the skies
They fall upon his ear.

And the gentle doves caressed each other as before, and then Myrtle went away to find some more sticks, and while he was gone Minne kept up a continual cooing, her little feathers slightly raised, and her bill half buried in the nest, while her expressive eye bespoke a heart overflowing with motherly love. "Oh, good Myrtle; what a nice little twig that is," cried she, as her mate returned and offered her what he had found; "the sight of it delights my heart of hearts. Now go, best of turtles, and find some still smaller twigs and some straws that will do to lay the dear eggs on, and then the nest will be done; I would go with thee and help thee bring them; but I've got rather tired doing that part of the work, and feel a great desire to sit here." The industrious Myrtle went and came a great many times that day, and each time he came he brought a very small twig or dried skeleton of a leaf, and before night the nest was all ready to receive the eggs. Towards sunset Myrtle and Minne went about to pick up a supper of such small seeds and berries as they might find.

Just what they found for their supper, I cannot tell; but I know what they like best. Hemp seed and Canary seed they are very fond of, and they like also, corn, rice, millet seed and crumbs of bread. They will eat a little flaxseed, rye, and barley; but these they do not relish so well. Shortly after sunset, while the dew was falling, and sweet spring odors going up from the blossoming shrubs and the vines on the trees, the gentle pair alighted upon the tree to rest for the night.

"Myrtle," said Minne, as she nestled with her full round breast down into the newly made bed, "come here, I want to whisper something into thy ear; something

that I would not for the world let any one know but thee ; not even one of our own brother or sister turtles."

"Well, what is it, my gentle Minne? but I think I could guess, dost thou not think I could? Is it not something about a precious little pearl, oblong and white?"

"Ah! cunning, clever Myrtle! thou hast guessed it; yes, something within me seems to say that an egg will be laid to-night, and that is the reason why I have taken my place here this evening instead of perching by thy side on the bough."

"Well," said Myrtle, "we will keep the sweet secret between us, and hope no sly snake has overheard us, and with mouth watering, waits to taste our darling."

"Oh trust me, Love," said Minne, "should a snake dare to look into our nest with his ugly eyes, I would give his scaly head a dreadful peck, and let him feel the stroke of my wing too; not that I should like to pain him either; and though it might seem to him like anger, yet it would not be that wholly; but only love for my dear eggs. I would indeed be very sorry to hurt even a frightful wingless thing, with scales instead of feathers. No! I would not love to hurt a snake nor a man, nor any other poor wingless and featherless thing. Would I, Myrtle?"

"No indeed, my Minne, nor do I doubt thy courage; the eggs will be safe all hidden under thy breast. Come, now let us go to sleep and dream of each other."

"Yes," said Minne, "and of *one* thing else."

MYRTLE.

Now Minne shut thy pretty eye,
For the stars are in the sky:

Sleep all the summer night,
Sleep thou till morning light ;
Dream, dream too,
All the night through,
Ah good little Minne, dream sweet dreams of me,
While the moonlight shines on the myrtle tree.

MINNE.

Oh pleasant 'twill be
To dream dreams of thee,
While the dew falls o'er the orange tree ;
But blame me not, Myrtle,
My own little turtle,
If I dream of one thing beside thee ;
One thing else, you know what, in my dreams will be,
While the dew falls down on the orange tree.

But Myrtle, when he said " Sleep through the summer night," did not think what a bright night it was going to be. In that tropical climate the moonshine is so bright that it seems indeed but " the day-light sick ;" and though the doves were far in, amid the branches, the clear silver beams found the way through their green bed curtains, and the doves were awake through a great part of the night, (for they were wakeful creatures,) and had any one been passing beneath the trees, his ear would have been delighted with the plaintive and gentle cooing of both males and females, and now and then might be heard the pretty little " Oh" whenever they heard any sound of which they did not exactly know the meaning, or if they saw the shadow of a branch moving mysteriously in the moonlight. It was indeed too beautiful a time for such beautiful creatures to be silent and asleep, for their soothing and plaintive tones accorded well with the softness and solemnity of the warm moonlight night, so

the doves cooed and cooed and caressed each other, and said many pretty things to each other in the beautiful grove while the breezes lifted the long palm boughs dreamily up and down, and the myrtle and orange leaves glittered in the moonlight.

Just as the day was breaking Myrtle awoke from a light slumber, and stretching out one of his little coral legs, he spread his wing over it, so that every little pearly quill-feather was plainly seen, and then he stretched the other leg and wing in the same way, and then lifted up both wings over his back so that the backs of each of the wings touched each other, thus stretching them in another way; then he spread his tail into a fan, and then shut it up again, then he plumed his feathers a little, and then looked at Minne to see if she were awake. No: the little ruby eyes were still curtained by their thin lids. "I wonder," said Myrtle to himself, "if the little dear is dreaming about me or about the egg. I cannot help feeling a little jealous of that egg, but I must remember that Minne being a female must have a mother's heart. I believe I will awaken her and ask her which she is dreaming of. She will love to be waked by the sound of her Myrtle's voice." And Myrtle cooed very loudly, lifting his head and neck up and down, and swelling out his neck feathers as the pigeons do. Minne opened her eyes and looked round upon him with a bright look that showed she was wide awake; for it does not take a bird long to arouse himself from sleep.

MYRTLE.

What hast thou been dreaming, Love,

Pretty dreams of me,

While the moon was beaming, Love,

On the orange tree?

MINNE.

Yes, I have been dreaming, Love,
Pretty dreams of thee,
Oh, 'twas pleasant seeming, Love,
Pleasant as could be.

MYRTLE.

And what wert thou dreaming, Love,
In thy dream of me?
What was it that was seeming, Love,
So very sweet to thee?

MINNE.

I dreamed that thou wert near me, Love,
And thou didst kiss me too,
I dreamed that I did hear thee, Love,
Did hear thee sweetly coo.

MYRTLE.

More visions of thy slumber, Love,
Hast thou yet to tell;
I many things could number, Love,
That I remember well.

MINNE.

My Myrtle, do not blame me, Love,
My thoughts from thee did stray;
But do not faithless name me, Love,
That word, oh do not say.

MYRTLE.

And what was in thy dreaming, Love,
That led thy thoughts from me?
While the moon was beaming, Love,
On the orange tree.

MINNE.

Of eggs I have been dreaming, Love,
Through almost half the night;

It was such pleasant seeming, Love,
That I forgot thee quite.

MYRTLE.

How? didst forget thy Myrtle, Love?
How could it, could it be?
He dreamed of his own turtle, Love,
Of thee, and only thee.

"Forgive me, thou best of turtles; but my heart was so full of the expected little ones; nothing else in the world could have made me forget thee. I dreamed of nothing else but eggs, little ones, and thee."

"Thou knowest well how quickly I will forgive thy motherly little heart, my Minne; I love thee all the better because thou hast such a heart. But thou hast not told me all thou hast been dreaming, for I remember a great deal about flying with thee through the sky, and of nestling with thee among beds of roses, and of tilting with thee on a high palm bough, and of cooing to thee, and of thy cooing sweetly to me; and I remember that thou didst tell me I was thy sunshine, and I told thee thou wast my home."

"Well, it might have been so," said Minne, "but all I remember about it, is that I was in the nest, and thou didst kiss me and coo to me. But what I said to thee is really true. I do not know; but it seems to me the world would be all dark if thou wert not in it."

"Then surely," said Myrtle, "the wide world would not have a home for me if thou wert not in it. Now tell me what didst thou dream of the precious ones? I do not remember hearing thee say anything about them when we were among the beds of roses."

"I dreamed," said Minne, "(how strange that thou dost not recollect it) that I had a pair of eggs and pre-

sently they were hatched, and the little ones, instead of being like us, were like the negro that went through the grove yesterday and frightened us, and were dressed just like him, in broad straw hats and pantaloons, instead of yellow down."

"Ah!" said Myrtle, "little men instead of little doves; how queer! but how large were they?"

"No longer than young doves, a little more than an inch long."

"Oh!" cried Myrtle, "what cunning little men!"

"And afterwards," said Minne, "they were still more cunning, for they were little negro babies, all naked, with round woolly heads. Oh! they were *such* soft little little dears, and I did so love to nurse them from my mouth."

"And didst thou love them as well as doves?"

"Not the little men; but the soft little babies seemed very much like doves, and I felt quite content with them."

"And wert thou dreaming that pleasant dream when I woke thee by cooing?"

"Yes, I was just nursing the little things."

"Ah, if I had known that, I would not have awakened thee."

"I was not sorry to wake, for Myrtle, guess what is in the nest."

"Ah, I know."

"Yes, Myrtle, it is there, I feel it warm against my breast."

"I should like to see the little thing," said Myrtle.

"About noon I will come off the nest and then thou shalt go on and keep it warm for a few hours. Now fly away and find thy breakfast, I can do without food til

noon, my heart is so full that I do not care to eat now."

"And I must go alone," said Myrtle, "yes, alone if without thee, though with twenty or more companions; but it cannot be helped."

"Remember," said Minne, "do not lisp our secret to any one; not that I think any one would willingly harm our jewel; no one could have the heart to do it—but they might think they must do so for some reason, perhaps; we cannot tell."

"Oh trust me, if I should see any one coming near the nest, I would tell them they need not suppose there is an egg there, and that if there is, they could not have it. Good bye, little mother,"

"Good bye, wise father! I hope thou wilt find a good breakfast." And Myrtle flew away on whistling wings, and joined the flock that was going forth like himself, to pick up a breakfast of seeds. He returned in about an hour; but Minne did not feel ready to leave the nest yet; so her constant mate sat down upon a bough close beside her, and entertained her with stories about the pretty humming-birds that he had seen feeding from the orange flowers. "Oh the pretty humming-bird!" said Minne, "is there anything so pretty except a turtle-dove? And what a beautiful life they lead; fluttering over the bright and fragrant flowers, and dipping their bills into the deep cups and kindly taking away from the flowers the small insects that trouble and vex it—the pretty insect *means* no harm to the flowers, I know; but they do pain it, so that it sometimes pines away and dies; and then the flower is so glad and so grateful to the humming-bird that she allows him to sip a little honey from her beautiful

bosom, for he wants to drink a little, after he has eaten. And then such a pretty nest as the humming-birds have; it is the most perfect of perfect things; so small! why one of my little eggs would fill it about full. And so round and so soft inside, and covered so nicely on the outside with the liching like those on the branch that it is placed upon—how cunning in the little bird to make it look so like a small knot on the branch. But, oh, to see it with the pair of white eggs in it, about as big as small white beans! The humming-birds build prettier nests than we do, do they not, Myrtle?"

"Prettier than any other birds," said Myrtle; "they would not be very pretty, if they were not prettier than ours. It must be acknowledged that we doves do build a very slight nest. No kind of dove, I believe, can say much for the beauty of his nest?"

"Our cousin ring-dove builds a nest very much like ours, does he not?" asked Minnie.

"Yes, if thou meanest that large ash-colored dove with a white ring."

"Yes, I mean the cushat or wood-pigeon, as he is sometimes called."

"The rock dove or the stock dove are very much like the ring dove," said Myrtle, "and very different from us turtles. The rock dove must be very pretty; he has a very brilliant neck, and the rest of his body is of a bluish ash, with two jet black bands across each wing."

"The ground dove is a pretty little thing," said Minnie, "I've seen plenty of them about in the open fields, which they love better than the woods."

THE BLADE OF GRASS.

LITTLE Henry was tired with play, and, as twilight came on, he threw himself upon the grass plat before his mother's window, and there he lay idly kicking the soft green grass with his stout shoes, or plucking it up, and throwing it away, with his stout hands. His mother laid aside her work as the daylight faded away, and looked from the window to behold the bright tints of a sunset sky. She observed the wanton play of her little boy, and called him to her side. Henry went immediately to his mother's room, and, when she asked him why he had been disfiguring the green lawn, he replied, that the grass would grow up again.

"How do you know that it will ever grow?" inquired his mother.

Henry did not know—it always had come up again, and he supposed therefore that it always would.

"Can you make it grow?" asked she again.

"Oh no;" replied he quickly, and then he thought that his mother wished to convince him that he should never destroy what he could not replace, not even so little a thing as a blade of grass.

"Mother," said he, "I will never do so again; and now, before I go to bed, will you please to tell me a little story."

"I will try," said she, with a smile; so he seated himself upon a little ottoman at her feet, and she thus commenced her impromptu tale.

There was once a little boy, in a country many thousand miles from here, who had no father, no mother, and

no one who cared to teach him of what is good and right. But there were many who loved to humor his whims, gratify his caprices, and foster his pride, for this little boy was born a king.

After many years of great prosperity, there was a season of severe distress in that country. For many months there was no rain, and the whole land was parched with drought. It was a long time before the knowledge of this suffering came to the ears of the young king, for he was surrounded by foolish courtiers, who were not in reality his friends; but, when the cattle upon the hill-sides had died for want of food, and the grass upon the plains was burnt with heat, and even the meadows had turned brown, it was then that the voices of the wretched sufferers came like the murmurs of the ocean surge, even to the very throne. Now this haughty young king had been accustomed to have his slightest wishes attended to, and his most unreasonable commands obeyed; and, when it became the strongest wish of his heart, that the clouds should send down refreshing showers upon his parched lands, he was angry because the clouds did not regard his desires. He unreasonably blamed those who had always ministered to his wants, and abused them who endeavored to please him. But, when days passed on, and the blue sky still looked clear and calm above his threatening glances, and no cloud appeared at his mandate, his anger increased to an insane fury; and, in answer to his fearful appeals for succor, those of his flatterers who still remained near him, endeavored to transfer his ire from themselves to an innocent old man.

"There is," said they to him, "a sorcerer who dwells in a strong rock-built tower, and who can assist our gracious king, if he will but exert his powers."

Then the king sent to the old man and commanded him to come to the palace, that he might bring showers of rain upon the parched earth. But the old man sent him word that he possessed no such power, and he wished to be left again to his solitude.

The king was very angry, and sent messengers again to the delinquent, with commands to bring him by force if he refused to obey the summons of his king. The old philosopher made no resistance, and, taking with him a small casket, he went into the presence of the king. He was a majestic looking person, with long white hair falling over his shoulders, a loose robe of damask silk hanging in thick folds about his form, and fastened around his waist with an embroidered girdle. He met the young monarch with so much calm dignity in his countenance and manner, that he was awed into a respectful demeanor, which he had never assumed towards any one else. But, when he found that the old man persisted in asserting his inability to command the rain or the dew, he forgot all things in his disappointment, and threatened him with death. The philosopher opened his casket; and, taking from it some glass phials filled with earths and gases, he presented them to the king, saying, "It is of those ingredients, and in those proportions, that the grass consists. Now let my lord the king make from them but one blade of grass, and his kingdom shall be saved from the famine and the drought."

By this time the king had become willing to do anything in his own power, for he saw nothing before him but poverty and destruction. He dared not obey his first impulse, and put the 'sorcerer' to death, for he might thus cast away his last hope of succor; and he knew also

that the blood of all his subjects would not cause the grain to grow, or the grass to sprout. He took the phials into his closet, and patiently wrought there for days, weeks and months. In these hours of solitude, quiet thought, and fruitless exertion, he had reflections which had never occurred to him before. He became calm, humble and considerate—aware of the limited extent of his real power, and of his constant dependence upon some higher Being.

At length he sent again for the old philosopher, and mournfully acknowledged to him his sense of his own weakness and inability, and of his desire to atone for his former pride, ill humor and cruelty. He calmly returned the phials, with the acknowledgment that, if there was no grass in his kingdom until he could make a blade, they must all die of starvation.

From that time he mingled kindly and compassionately with the sufferers in his kingdom, and they felt half their sorrows lightened by the sympathy of their king. And, when at length there came clouds, rain and dew upon the blighted land, they all rejoiced together, and from that time the trials of the past were as a bond to link them more firmly and constantly together.

"Is it a true story?" asked little Henry, when his mother closed.

"One thing in it is true," she replied, "and that is that the most powerful king cannot make even one blade of grass."

H. F.

ONE fool throws a stone into the well, and a hundred wise men cannot take it out.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

[FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.]

WALK with the beautiful and with the grand ;

Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter :

Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,

But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her.

Walk with the beautiful !

I hear thee say, " The beautiful ! what is it ? "

Oh, thou art darkly ignorant ! Be sure

'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,

For thou canst make it smile beside thy door :

Then love the beautiful !

Ay, love it ; 'tis a sister that will bless,

And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely ;

The angels love it, for they wear its dress,

And thou art made a little lower only ;

Then love the beautiful !

Sigh for it ! kiss it when 'tis in thy way !

Be its idolater, as of a maiden !

Thy parents bent to it ; and more than they

Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden

Comes with the beautiful !

Some boast its presence upon Helen's face ;

Some, on the pinion'd pipers of the skies,

But be not fool'd ! Where'er thy eye might trace,

Searching the beautiful, it will arise :

Then seek it every where.

Thy bosom is its mint, the workmen are

Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Believing

The beautiful is master of a star,

Thou mak'est it so ; but art thyself deceiving,

If otherwise thy faith.

Dost thou see beauty in the violet cup?

I'll teach thee miracles. Walk on this heath
And say to the neglected flowers, "Look up,
And be thou beautiful!" If thou hast faith,
It will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: trook no knee to gold;

It is a witch of such almighty power
That it will turn thy young affections old.

I reach my hand to him who, hour by hour,
Preaches the beautiful!

SHAME.

[The following story was related to Madame Necker Sausure, by an elderly gentleman, in proof of the lasting impressions left on the mind by the feeling of shame. L. o.]

"When I was about six or seven years old, (and sixty years have passed since then,) I accompanied my father on a visit at the house of a friend, who was then the bailiff at A——. A large garden under the windows of the chateau was frequently the scene of my amusements. In one corner of the garden, a bird of prey was confined in a cage; a little quail whose wings had been clipped was running here and there at liberty. One morning I succeeded in catching the quail after a long pursuit, just opposite the cage of the bird of prey, and I know not how the mischievous fancy seized me to present it to him. He instantly snatched it from my hand, and devoured the poor little animal before my eyes. The master of the house, who from the window had seen the affair, told it as I suppose to my father, and they concerted together the lesson which was to be given me. After dinner, at

which a large company on that day was assembled, during the dessert, the bailiff began very coolly and apparently by accident, without reflection, to relate the scene, though naming me. When he finished, there was a moment of general silence, in which every body looked at me with a kind of terror. I heard some words uttered by the guests, and though no one addressed me directly, I could perceive that I was regarded by all as a monster. This was the whole of the lesson, but it was forcible, and I never think without a shudder of what I suffered under it.

There were two moments principally, which made the most profound impression, and remained engraven on my mind—the first, that in the garden, when I saw the bird of prey tear the quail in pieces; and at dinner, the terrifying silence which followed the bailiff's narrative.

CONRAD III. OF GERMANY AND THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

THE long besieged city of Weinsberg was obliged to yield. The emperor, irritated at its long resistance, had resolved to destroy it with fire and sword. He however permitted the females of the city previously to retire, and to carry with them their dearest jewels. And behold, when the day dawned, and the gates were opened, the women advanced in long rows, and the married bore each upon her back her husband, and the others each their dearest relative. This affecting scene so moved the emperor, that he not only spared the men, but also the whole city.